

## **The Weakerthans**

### **"Diagnosis"**

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I have a headache, I have a sore back  
I have a letter I can't send  
I have desire, it falters and falls down  
It calls you up drunk at three or four a.m.

To wonder when, wonderful  
All the cheap tricks I tried too hard not to pull  
Pulled along or pulled apart  
Diagnosis of a foreign frame of heart

I have a story, I'd like to tell you  
It's littered with settings and second takes  
I have a feeling, hums with the street lights  
Hides under ice in always frozen lakes

My mistake to make you cringe  
Another greeting like a broken creaky hinge  
To oil and push or pry apart  
The diagnosis of a foreign frame of heart

Found a cure for being sure  
And sure as anything  
I'll smile for my reckoning

To oil and push or pry apart  
The diagnosis of a foreign frame of heart

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